

# The WIZARD of OZ

by L. FRANK BAUM.

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## SYNOPSIS.

Dorothy lived in Kansas with Aunt Em and Uncle Henry. A cyclone lifted their home into the air, Dorothy falling asleep amidst the excitement. A crash awakened her. The house had landed in a country of marvelous beauty. Groups of queer little people greeted her to the Land of Munchkins. The house had killed their enemy, the wicked witch of East. Dorothy took the witch's silver shoes. She started for the Emerald City to find the Wizard of Oz, who, she was promised, might find a way to send her back to Kansas. Dorothy released a scarecrow, giving him life. He was desirous of acquiring brains and started with her to the wizard to get them. The scarecrow told his history. They met a tin woodman who longed for a heart. He also joined them. They came upon a terrible lion. The lion confessed he had no courage. He decided to accompany them to the Wizard of Oz to get some. The scarecrow in pushing the raft became impaled upon his pole in the middle of the river. The scarecrow was rescued by a friendly stork. They entered a poppy field, which caused Dorothy to fall asleep. The scarecrow and tin woodman rescued her and her dog from the deadly flowers. The lion fell asleep and being too heavy to lift, was left. On the search for the road of yellow brick which led to the Emerald City they met a wild cat and field mice. The woodman killed the wild cat. The queen mouse became friendly. She sent thousands of her mice subjects to draw the lion away from the poppy field. Dorothy awoke from her long sleep. They started again on the Emerald City road. They came to a fence, painted green. There were farmers of green, houses of green and people dressed in green. It was the Land of Oz. They met the guardian of the gates. He described the power of the Wizard of Oz. All put on green spectacles as the brightness and glory of Emerald City blinded them. The wizard decided to receive one of the party each day. All were put in green rooms. Dorothy went to the throne room. In a chair sparkling with emeralds she beheld an enormous head without body, legs or arms, bigger than the biggest giant. "I am Oz, the great and terrible," said the head. Oz told her that when she killed the wicked witch of the East he would send her home. The scarecrow, admitted to the presence of a beautiful lady, who said she was the wizard, was promised brains when he killed the witch. The woodman beheld a terrible beast with a head of a rhinoceros and five eyes. The wizard promised him a heart if he would slay the witch. The lion saw a ball of fire and a voice from the object promised him courage if he slew the witch. The search commenced. The witch saw the party when it entered her domain and caused a pack of wolves to attack it. The woodman killed the wolves. She sent crows which the scarecrow scared and killed. Bees were dispatched next, but the woodman received the stings. Finally winged monkeys took them prisoner and conveyed them to the witchery. Dorothy threw water on the wicked witch, destroying her. Dorothy rescued the lion, woodman and scarecrow. She found a charmed golden cup and started back to Oz. She became lost. She used the cup to call the winged monkeys who took them to the Emerald City. The charmed cup's story was told.

## CHAPTER XV—Continued.

Then he led them into his little room and locked the spectacles from the great box on all their eyes, just as he had done before. Afterward they passed on through the gate into the Emerald City, and when the people heard from the Guardian of the Gate that they had melted the Wicked Witch of the West they all gathered around the travelers and followed them in a great crowd to the palace of Oz.

The soldier with the green whiskers was still on guard before the door, but he let them in at once and they were again met by the beautiful green girl, who showed each of them to their

no word from him the next day, nor the next, nor the next. The waiting was tiresome and wearing, and at last they grew vexed that Oz should treat them in so poor a fashion, after sending them to undergo hardships and slavery. So the Scarecrow at last asked the green girl to take another message to Oz, saying it he did not let them in to see him at once they would call the Winged Monkeys to help them, and find out whether he kept his promises or not. When the Wizard was given this message he was so frightened that he sent word for them to come to the throne room at four minutes after nine o'clock the next morning. He had once met the Winged Monkeys in the Land of the West, and he did not wish to meet them again.

The four travelers passed a sleepless night, each thinking of the gift Oz had promised to bestow upon him.



"Doesn't Any One Else Know You're a Humbug?"

Dorothy fell asleep only once, and then she dreamed she was in Kansas, where Aunt Em was telling her how glad she was to have her little girl at home again.

Promptly at nine o'clock the next morning the green whiskered soldier came to them, and four minutes later they all went into the throne room of the Great Oz.

Of course each one of them expected to see the Wizard in the shape he had taken before, and all were greatly surprised when they looked about and saw no one at all in the room. They kept close to the door and closer to one another, for the stillness of the empty room was more dreadful than any of the forms they had seen Oz take.

Presently they heard a Voice, seeming to come from somewhere near the top of the great dome, and it said, solemnly:

"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Why do you seek me?"

They looked again in every part of the room, and then, seeing no one, Dorothy asked:

"Where are you?"

"I am everywhere," answered the Voice, "but to the eyes of common mortals I am invisible. I will now seat myself upon my throne, that you may converse with me." Indeed, the Voice seemed just then to come straight from the throne itself; so they walked toward it and stood in a row while Dorothy said:

"We have come to claim our promise, O Oz."

"What promise?" asked Oz.

"You promised to send me back to Kansas when the Wicked Witch was destroyed," said the girl.

"And you promised to give me brains," said the Scarecrow.

"And you promised to give me a heart," said the Tin Woodman.

"And you promised to give me courage," said the Cowardly Lion.

"Is the Wicked Witch really destroyed?" asked the Voice, and Dorothy thought it trembled a little.

"Yes," she answered, "I melted her with a bucket of water."

"Dear me," said the Voice; "how sudden! Well, come to me tomorrow, for I must have time to think it over."

"You've had plenty of time already," said the Tin Woodman, angrily.

"We shan't wait a day longer," said the Scarecrow.

"You must keep your promises to us!" exclaimed Dorothy.

The Lion thought it might be as well to frighten the Wizard, so he gave a large, loud roar, which was so fierce and dreadful that Toto jumped away from him in alarm and tipped over the screen that stood in a corner. As it fell with a crash they looked that way, and the next moment all of them were filled with wonder. For they saw, standing in just the spot the screen had hidden, a little, old man, with a bald head and a wrinkled face, who seemed to be as much surprised as they were. The Tin Wood-

man, rubbing his hands together as if it pleased him; "I am a humbug."

"But this is terrible," said the Tin Woodman; "how shall I ever get my heart?"

"Or I my courage?" asked the Lion.

"Or I my brains?" wailed the Scarecrow, wiping the tears from his eyes with his coat-sleeve.

"My dear friends," said Oz, "I pray you not to speak of these little things. Think of me, and the terrible trouble I'm in at being found out."

"Doesn't any one else know you're a humbug?" asked Dorothy.

"No one knows it but you four—and myself," replied Oz. "I have fooled every one so long that I thought I should never be found out. It was a great mistake my ever letting you into the throne room. Usually I will not see even my subjects, and so they believe I am something terrible."

"But, I don't understand," said Dorothy, in bewilderment. "How was it that you appeared to me as a great Head?"

"That was one of my tricks," answered Oz. "Step this way, please, and I will tell you all about it."

He led the way to a small chamber in the rear of the throne room, and they all followed him. He pointed to one corner, in which lay the Great Head, made out of many thicknesses of paper, and with a carefully painted face.

"This I hung from the ceiling by a wire," said Oz; "I stood behind the screen and pulled a thread, to make the eyes move and the mouth open."

"But how about the voice?" she inquired.

"Oh, I am a ventriloquist," said the little man, "and I can throw the sound of my voice wherever I wish; so that you thought it was coming out of the Head. Here are the other things I used to deceive you." He showed the Scarecrow the dress and the mask he had worn when he seemed to be the lovely Lady; and the Tin Woodman saw that his Terrible Beast was nothing but a lot of skins, sewn together, with slats to keep their sides out. As for the Ball of Fire, the false Wizard had hung that also from the ceiling. It was really a ball of cotton, but when oil was poured upon it the ball burned fiercely.

"Really," said the Scarecrow, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself for being such a humbug."

"I am—I certainly am," answered the little man, sorrowfully; "but it was the only thing I could do. Sit down, please, there are plenty of chairs, and I will tell you my story."

So they sat down and listened while he told the following tale:

"I was born in Omaha—"

"Why, that isn't very far from Kansas!" cried Dorothy.

"No; but it's farther from here," he said, shaking his head at her, sadly.

"When I grew up I became a ventriloquist, and at that I was very well trained by a great master. I can imitate any kind of a bird or beast."

Here he mewed so like a kitten that Toto pricked up his ears and looked everywhere to see where she was.

"After a time," continued Oz, "I tired of that, and became a balloonist."

"What is that?" asked Dorothy.

"A man who goes up in a balloon on circus day, so as to draw a crowd of people together and get them to pay to see the circus," he explained.

"Oh," she said; "I know."

"Well, one day I went up in a balloon and the ropes got twisted, so that I couldn't come down again. It went way up above the clouds, so far that a current of air struck it and carried it many, many miles away. For a day and a night I traveled through the air, and on the morning of the second day I awoke and found the balloon floating over a strange and beautiful country."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Took Conceit from Dickens

Among some stories told the other day by W. P. Frith, the Royal Academician, who at 90 years of age smokes six cigars a day and sits up until midnight playing cards, is the following concerning Charles Dickens: Frith, many years ago, was commissioned to paint a portrait of the novelist. "There was a hitch about the first sitting," says the nonagenarian. "Dickens had started growing a mustache which was considered almost a crime in those days. The delay in the sittings continued, and one morning, when we expected to find Dickens had relented and had shaved off his mustache, to our dismay he had started growing more hair on his chin.

"Landseer called that morning, and he gave a great start when he saw Dickens' face. Dickens then took the bull by the horns. 'I say, old fellow, you don't seem to notice this,' he said, pointing to his mustache. 'Oh, yes, I do,' was the reply. 'It enables me to see less of you, and that's an advantage.'—London Tit-Bits.

How Life Is Colored.  
"What makes you look so black?"  
"Because I feel blue."  
"What makes you blue?"  
"I guess it is that dark brown taste this morning."

## TOOK THE OLD FELLOW BACK

Actor's Joking Remark a Considerable Shock to the Dignity of the Old Gentleman.

There is a Thanksgiving story about Henry E. Dixey, the comedian, that his friends at the Lambs never tire of telling.

Mr. Dixey, while visiting Philadelphia one autumn, attended a very aristocratic Thanksgiving ball in Rittenhouse square.

While supper was being served, Mr. Dixey ranged himself behind the supper table with the 13 or 15 waiters busy there. Soon a mild mannered old gentleman with white hair approached the actor, glass in hand.

"Would you mind filling my glass with champagne, please," he said.

Mr. Dixey started, drew himself up and said, with a look of horror:

"Certainly not, sir; certainly not. You have already had more than is good for you."

## The More Glorious Alternative.

Maud Muller knew what she wanted. "I'd rather be written up in a poem that the funny men will be parodying a hundred years from now than marry the judge to-morrow!" she exclaimed, and suiting the action to the word, she raked the meadow sweet with hay in such a manner that the judge riding slowly down the lane, smoothed his horse's chestnut mane, and let it go at that.

Naturally the girl's folks were considerably disgusted at having her left on their hands that way, but who ever purchased a worthy immortality cheaply?—Puck.

## Cherries.

A diminutive miss insisted upon helping her mother in putting up preserves. "Run away, there is nothing you can do," said mother.

"Yes I could," persisted the child. "I could unbutton the cherries for you."

## This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Teething Disorders, Stomach Troubles, and Destroy Worms; 50,000 testimonials of cures. All druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

## Sufficient Evidence.

"Father was evidently drinking again last night."

"What makes you think that?"

"He sassed the janitor when he came in."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

Dr. Detchon's Relief for Rheumatism radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action is remarkable. It removes the cause and the disease quickly disappears. First dose greatly benefits. 75c. Druggists.

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary.—Milton.

EXPOSURE TO GOLD and wet is the first step to Pneumonia. Take Perry Davis' Painkiller and the danger is averted. Unequaled for colds, sore throat, quinsy, 25c, 50c and 10c.

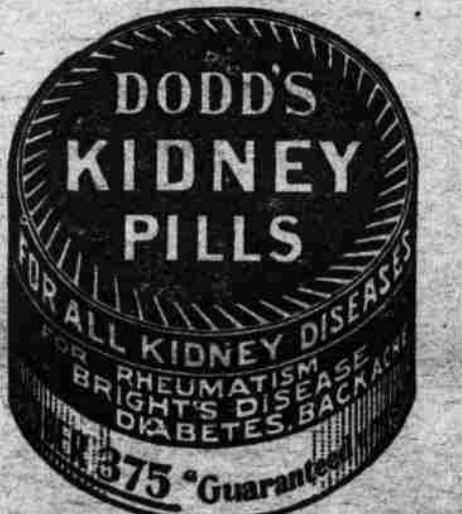
Flattery is turned to good account when used as a guidepost to all one ought to be.—Sample.

YELLOW CLOTHES ARE UNSIGHTLY. Keep them white with Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

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Oz, the Great and Terrible.

old rooms at once, so they might rest until the Great Oz was ready to receive them.

The soldier had the news carried straight to Oz that Dorothy and the other travelers had come back again, after destroying the Wicked Witch; but Oz made no reply. They thought the Great Wizard would send for them at once, but he did not. They had